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Selected Poetry.

[From the Quill.]

THE GOLDEN CALE.

Beloved art I thy girls and men,
My right is never wrong;
My eye-head's as good as ten,
Because my purse is long.
To others thou art a woman, stern,
And Beauty's welcome cool,
They'll all say "Oh, how thousands bless,
The fortunes of the fool."

Sweet are the looks a mother's eye
On favored sons and daughters;
When money to each burning sigh
Is found enchantment low;
For younger sons may ask in vain,
And whisper low by stealth;
But matrons smile, and all beguile,
When Beauty flirts with wealth.

Oh tell me not of wit profound,
And staid like Apollon;
Where science is an empty sound,
And ought and gold rings long;
For whom does such fair debits
The slightest grain throw over?
'Tis not for you, the gifted few,
But for the titled few.

Then how can humble men compare;
The "dear" of Heaven's best graces,
With him whose fate, how mean so'er,
A million's charms embraces!
For those sweet forms and colors change,
And young affections fly,
The third of gold does not grow old,
Alas! and cannot die.

Speech of Hon. Wm. E. Robinson.

The following spirited speech, delivered in the House of Representatives during its late irregular session, is copied from the Congressional Globe:

Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania.—I suppose the gentleman referring to Andersonville, Mr. Robinson—No, sir, I am not. Those who shrink from blood and suffering may unfold the story of Andersonville. That record is terrible enough, and ever to be remembered. But there may be exhibited a worse spirit than was manifested at Andersonville. That has been exhibited by the Confederates as a military necessity. But there is a spirit of wrong, a spirit of Satan, a spirit entirely inconsistent with the spirit of the age and of all religion, which, without the poor excuse of military or other necessity, should for vengeance and yells for blood. The present fall elections are approaching again; and the horrors of Andersonville are being, re-renewed and rehearsed; committee reports at great expense wrong from a suffering people, be published in huge volumes and scattered broadcast over the land, to re-ignite the warlike spirit of revenge. The poet Moore represents Erin sitting on the banks of the Boyne, near Andersonville, the very mention of whose name always renewed the spirit of hell:

When will this end, ye powers of good?
The weeping asks forever.
And only hears from out the flood
The demon answers, "Never!"

And never shall we have reconstruction (all reconciliation has its holy spark into a scorching flame). Never, while men who should be pleading for forgiveness as they hope to be forgiven, crawl around tombstones of the bloody past like another "Old Mortality" with incessant mallet and steel chisel deepening the record of human frailty which the winds and rains of heaven were mercifully proceeding to obliterate.

"A canting crew,
So smooth, so glib, so servile too,
Who, armed at once with bible and with whip
Blood on their hands and scripture on the lips;
Tyrants by creed and torturers by text,
Make this life hell in honor of the next."

Let "bygones be bygones," if you "ever mean to let us become one people again, say so and be honest. We have fought the South, with their Johnstons and Stonewall Jacksons, and they, by our superior numbers and resources are at our feet. The prodigal son at whom the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Stevens) recently sneered, has returned from scenes of dissipation and vicious living. If you mean to take him back, do so, and kill the fattest calf. If you mean to man to slay the prodigal son and keep the fattest calf kicking up his heels around the barnyard, say so. Do something; but do not talk of reconstruction while you are plotting to take the seat of the South, and have returned, take her to your bosom; or if you cannot do this, cast her from you forever. Do not be reconstructing her into another and different person, for that would not be reconstruction—but rather bigamy.

If you wish to live with her, banish from beneath your roof, as you would a spirit from hell, every croaking miscreant who would shriek into both ears the follies and crimes which you both committed and which led to your separation. If you mean to restore to the weeping Union its former children, oh, give her back her darling boy, and not the stinky fatty child with which you would mock a mother's prayer.

Sir, these are words of truth and soberness. I believe the speediest way to reconstruction is honest reconciliation and mutual forgiveness. I stand not here to justify the South. While slavery, rebellion and the war was my enemy, in submission she became again my friend. I would not inflict upon her one single unnecessary humiliation.

After quoting Rev. Mr. Beecher's Cleveland letter, and commending it, Mr. Robinson continued:

With this message Mr. Beecher came down to his people, as Moses descended, with words of wisdom from Heaven. But in his absence the Aarons of his congregation had set up a new god, a blatant calf. He found his pulpit in possession of Governor Brownlow and a godless crew, who were "swinging round the circle" after the President. And the cheers of his people he heard! Break up, with the spirit of

hell condensed into one sentence, and embracing the extreme Jacobin creed of reconstruction, shouting: "First kill, then burn, and then swing round the circle, and kill the men, cut the throats of the women, and dash out the brains of the infants sleeping in their cradles; and then, for fear men, women and children, might linger through the unsavory or recover from the carnage, burn the houses over their heads; and then, if flames or gas or consumed with his breath, and then confound. Such were the terrible blasphemies which greeted the message from Heaven.

Sir, did these permit, I should ask attention to the words of the man from whom I am the past and present have pleaded for mutual good will, forgiveness and reconciliation from George Washington, from Andrew Jackson, Andrew Johnson, Horace Greely and others, who, "with malice toward none, with charity for all, would bind up the nation's wounds; and care for them with those who in the Jacobin column, with Brownlow at their head, and 'all hell following in the rear,' are shouting 'kill burn and swing round the circle, and confound the South asks for restoration give them the penitential sign of the cross. Sir, we have been playing political flim-flam with the South, and who can call under which thimble the little joker which will secure restoration to be found? The lower the South has bent the knee the more intolerance have become the terms of pardon kindly words from a friend of the South were answered with greater indignity, till finally conditions are exacted which none but bullies would demand or cravens yield, for the knee that is forced has no other choice. But there I hope ahead, in a few years, from a common hand of love, beneath a common flag, from a common brotherhood, born of our Northern children, mingling in holy family ties with the children of the South, men will look back and wonder that there was wickedness enough in the world to inflict such injuries upon one another; but will bless the peace makers among their ancestors and curse the miscreants who fanned so long the flame of discord. Nay, I shall live to see that day; and shall not be ashamed to look my children in the face and to say that there was one who fought the Confederates through-out the rebellion, but when the war was over pleaded for forgiveness, believed in Southern honor, and voted as he believed; who never attempted 'the future's portal with the past's blood stained key'; who never rather grasped the bloody hand of an open foe than loosed the slithering finger of the coward that stalked from danger and never kicked the undermost dog nor struck a fallen foe.

"When the foe has knocked under to tread on him then—
By the fiat of my father, I blush for thee, Ben!"

Let me say a closing word for my fellow citizens of the South. I cannot forget that they too, have sorrows that might well arouse sympathy. There are vacant chairs around mountain passes, and some fathers, who are quivering memories, which match against our own and shriek into each other's ears would keep us forever apart. They have hearts to feel and eyes to weep for loved ones lost, for husbands buried in battle fields, fathers slaughtered in mountain passes, and sons taken away by early death, all buried in nameless and unknown graves. They fought gallantly but they are down and he the hand that smites the fallen. I long to see them back into the Union that they and we, forgiving and forgiving, and giving up our claims for the magnificent future, may enter upon the career of greatness and glory which stretches away before us.

I have sought to elevate my own mind above the vengeance of a divided present, and have looked to the brightening flag of a united nation, the inheritance of glory for a common posterity. In days gone by I learned my creed from Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, John M. Clayton and John J. Crittenden. I stand by the record and refuse the teaching of Brownlow and Phillips.

I see in the future an ocean-bound republic; in the future a hundred millions of her united people. Where but a few stars flickered in her sky I see constellations blazing; the flutter of her flag is reflected on every sea; the splash of her propeller vexes every ocean; and to that future I summon back our brethren of the South, to join with our success would be a failure, and our glory would be but shame.

"O word that wert near me, my Southern brother,
I love thee as dear as the son of my mother;
I am lonely and sad since the day that we parted,
My life has the tone of a maid broken hearted;
But come, from the future fresh flowers we'll gather,
And sing the sweet songs of the Union to-gether."

CORRESPONDENT OF THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL writes from New Orleans, after making a trip down the Mississippi, as follows:

In coming down the river I made it my special business to obtain information as to the state of the crops and the freedom, as well as the situation generally, and the result is more favorable than I had anticipated. The corn crop was everywhere represented as virtually secured and to be magnificent. There is a single field of this valuable cereal in Bolivar county Miss., six thousand acres. Cotton was looking well, but in some localities the rains have made it worse. The cotton crop depends of course upon the part of the season yet future. It is admitted on all hands that, should the weather prove favorable, half a crop is expected for the year 1867, will be made, which at present or prices, likely will bring as much as a whole crop did before the war. The hopes of the Southern people are suspended, so to speak, upon a fair cotton crop. As the prospect for this grows bright or gloomy, so will the hearts of the tillers of the soil swell with exultation or sink into something akin to despair. On some plantations that for the crop, the worms, has appeared, and his ravages are dreaded. The worm flourishes the most vigorously in cold wet seasons.

As we look in, and landed passengers at nearly every stopping place, I had good opportunities to converse with different classes of persons from the interior, and almost without exception found them cheerful and hopeful—more so than I had expected. Little interest in politics seemed to be taken. The subject, in fact, was rarely introduced, unless I did it myself. To the question, how do the freedmen work? the answer generally

was that they were doing well—much better than last year. On the plantations of the Messrs. Hampton, Wade and Christopher, in Mississippi, the freedmen have half the crop, the cashiers furnishing the supplies at a slight advance upon the original cost. This appears to be the rule generally adopted.

LET US AVOID EXERCISE AND STRIFE.—Reconstruction, after such a complete dislocation and derangement as the war produced, must necessarily prove a difficult process. Whatever our wishes may be in the South, it would scarcely be reasonable to expect the dominant party to reconstruct the State Government, and the *ante bellum* basis. It would be quite as unreasonable to expect that party to allow Confederate troops or Confederate sentiments to gain the ascendancy under the new order of things. But, whether reasonable or unreasonable, the fact must be plain to all that it is the fixed purpose of the Republican party not to allow this. Their policy of reconstruction is determined upon, and it is that it shall be conducted in the interest of Unionism. The question, then, for us to decide is, whether we shall array ourselves against that party and its policy, or hold back, doing nothing, or cooperate in the work of reconstruction as far as we get into our practical relations with the Government, and thus be enabled to resume the arrangement of our domestic affairs, be relieved from the terrors of confiscation, and to proceed in a simple way to develop and turn to profitable account the resources of the State.

While we have no quarrel with those who hold different views, we favor the policy of "co-operation" as the only policy that would secure to the Union the points of honor were settled by the war, and the only question now remaining relate to expediency. If we had choice, there are many things we would not do, which necessity now compels us to do. A stronger power has entered our house and bound us, and we must obey his will. It is vain to attempt resistance, for we would thereby only aggravate our miseries.

These are our sentiments. Others think differently and propose to act differently. They have the same right to their opinions as we have to ours. Nor do we claim all the honor and laurels of the rebellion, and are in error, and that they are leading others into error—fearful error, that they will repeat in self-sack and ashes, and when too late.—*Charleston News.*

The Washington *Centinel* says: "The simultaneous illumination of the rotunda, dome and thence, by Professor Gardiner, (electrical apparatus, on Saturday night, was witnessed by a large assembly, and provided a brilliant success, not a single burner of the thirteen hundred, failing to be ignited. One hundred and eighty-eight additional burners, supported by hand and bronze brackets, have been placed over the large paintings in the rotunda, which presents a better appearance than by the light of day. A large number of persons had gathered to witness the illumination, and when, upon a given signal, the brilliant rays from their hundreds of burners, simultaneously burst into full blaze, bringing out in strong relief the lights and shades of Rembrandt's magnificent allegorical painting in the dome, the pictures in the rotunda, and every niche or projection of the architecture, the enthusiasm of the brilliant display itself in a sudden burst of applause and expressions of admiration. The illumination was continued for an hour or more, during which those present devoted the time to an examination of the paintings, and in discussing the merits of the electric light. A few visitors of the Paris Exposition, where they inspected the elegant gas lighting apparatus constructed for the Paris Exposition. The apparatus, showing the different modes by which street lamps, public buildings and private residences can be lighted, is a masterpiece of ingenuity, and is adapted to light any number of burners, turning on the gas and igniting it at the same time. The circular hall in the passage between the rotunda and the Senate chamber, which heretofore has been but dimly lighted, is now brilliantly illuminated from the roof by a circle of gas jets, and reflectors, the whole having been put up under Professor Gardiner's supervision, and the burner being lighted by electricity, in common with those in the rotunda.

TERMINAL SURVIVORS.—At the semi-monthly meeting of the Commissioners of Emigration in New York, Wednesday afternoon, a committee reported upon the case of the Austrian ship *Guizpuz Baccarich*. The report says that the death of nineteen of the passengers of the Baccarich was owing to the deficiency and bad quality of the food supplied, and to the poisonous water given for use. The ship had neither tea nor sugar, physician nor drug store; the bread was mouldy and unfit for use, and the potatoes were bad. The report charges, that these deaths were so many murders, seventeen of which occurred on one passage from Antwerp, and two while the ship was in quarantine here after her arrival. A. Straus & Co., shippers at Antwerp, are very severely censured, and the committee arraigned them as especially guilty of murder.

When the Baccarich was quarantined twenty-four sick passengers died of one plague in the hospital, and they speedily recovered. All the surviving passengers have been informed of their legal right to obtain redress for the wrongs inflicted upon them, and many of them have already taken steps to that end. The report of the committee is presented to the Consuls of Belgium, Austria and Prussia, that the governments of these countries may understand the state of the case, with a view to their taking such action as they may deem fit.

FELONY.—In one of our articles last week on Registration, we mentioned that in South Carolina no one is disfranchised for felony, just as in this State no one is disfranchised simply because of having been engaged in rebellion against the United States. We refer to this subject again, as we understand an applicant for registration yesterday was refused on the ground of "felony." The words of the oath, prescribed by the Act are: "that I have not been disfranchised for participation in any rebellion or civil war against the United States, nor for felony committed against the laws of any State or of the United States."

The constitution of South Carolina prescribes the qualifications of a voter, and mentions no disability on account of felony. No one being disfranchised for this cause, we do not see how any one can be refused the privilege of registration because of "felony," either real or imputed.—*Charleston News.*

Why is a geologist a dangerous character? Because he is fond of strata genus.

The President and the Secretary of War.

The Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*, writing on the 6th, gives the following particulars of the President's request for the resignation of Stanton:

For some weeks past, and until a day or two ago, no mention of the probable withdrawal of Mr. Stanton has been made in these despatches. Your correspondent's essays on that subject eight or nine months ago, when he informed you that he had positively determined to remove Mr. Stanton and place Gen. Sherman in the War Department, temporarily, to perform the duties of Secretary, failed to be realized, as did one or two additional statements telegraphed by him on the same subject, and yet every word of my telegrams was true, and the statements therein set forth were obtained from the highest authority.

The facts were that Mr. Johnson, at the time mentioned, did resolve to supplant Mr. Stanton, and telegraphed General Sherman, then off in the West, to come here. General Sherman came accordingly, but, until he arrived here was not advised of the purpose of his coming.

Meantime the telegram sent North announcing so positively that Stanton was about to be displaced arrested the attention of Messrs. Weed and Raymond, fast friends of Mr. Stanton, and at that time supposed to be friends and supporters of Mr. Johnson.

These gentlemen came here and held a consultation with Mr. Stanton, who informed them that he had no knowledge of the purposes of the President on the subject of his withdrawal.—Messrs. Weed and Raymond then called upon Mr. Johnson, and urged him to give over his intention, if any he had, of removing Mr. Stanton.

These councils and those of a certain high official who joined them prevailed, and the President gave up his purpose for the time being.

From that time onward the intercourse between the President and the Secretary of War, though respectful, has not been as cordial nor as confidential as should be the relations between the Executive and a member of his Cabinet.

Recently various matters have transpired, not, however, of political character, which proved that it would be impossible for Mr. Johnson and Mr. Stanton to get along harmoniously, and the former gave the latter indications several times in the past three or four weeks, that he would be pleased to receive his resignation. No response came from Mr. Stanton, and yesterday the President sent him a note, as mentioned in last night's dispatches, stating substantially, that "public interests of moment, constrain him to inform the Secretary that his resignation as a member of the Cabinet would be accepted."

Today, at about 11:15 o'clock, Mr. Johnson received a written reply, dated August 5th, from Mr. Stanton, who acknowledged the receipt of the note, recites the President's language, and adopting in part Mr. Johnson's words, says "public interests," which alone have induced him to remain, constrain him to continue in the Cabinet until the meeting of Congress.

Mr. Stanton was not present at the Cabinet meeting this afternoon.

Under the Tenure of Office law Mr. Johnson is not fully satisfied that the Executive is clothed with the power to remove Mr. Stanton, upon the phraseology that the "members shall hold their offices respectively during the term of the President by whom they have been appointed." So, but whatever may hereafter be his construction of this phraseology, he, nevertheless, regards the power to suspend as being ample under that law, and proposes to exercise it, should it become necessary.

It is understood that the President will not recognize Mr. Stanton as Secretary of War, and the latter will not, therefore, be permitted to sit in Cabinet Sessions.

The following is the full text of the correspondence above referred to:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Aug. 5, 1867.

SIR:—Public considerations of a high character constrain me to say that your resignation as Secretary of War will be accepted.

Very respectfully,
ANDREW JOHNSON.

To Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

To which Secretary Stanton replied as follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, Aug. 5, 1867.

SIR:—Your note of this day has been received, stating that public considerations of a high character, constrain you to say that my resignation as Secretary of War will be accepted.

In reply I have the honor to say that public considerations of a high character, which alone have induced me to continue at the head of this Department constrain me not to resign the office of Secretary of War before the next meeting of Congress.

Very respectfully yours,
EDWIN M. STANTON.

To the President.

The following is the clause of the Tenure of Office bill to which reference has been made:

Provided that the Secretaries of State

of the Treasury, of War, of the Navy.

of the Interior, and the Postmaster-General and the Attorney-General shall hold their offices respectively during the term of the President by whom they have been appointed, and one month thereafter, subject to removal by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

The President takes the ground that he can remove all his Cabinet except the three appointed since his accession to office.

Internal Revenue Decisions.

The following decisions of the Commissioner of the Internal Revenue have recently been made:

Marriage is a valuable consideration of the law; a conveyance of realty made upon such consideration is to be regarded as made upon a valuable and adequate one, and confers upon the grantor no succession within the meaning of the Internal Revenue act.

The amount received for advertisements inserted in a newspaper is not to be included in determining the liability of the publisher of the paper to a special tax as a manufacturer.

The carding of wool into rolls for hand spinning is not manufacturing, and no special tax is imposed upon a person for doing it. It is enacted in section 71 of the Internal Revenue act that no person, firm, company, or corporation, shall be engaged in producing or carrying on any trade, business or profession thereafter mentioned or described, until he, or they, shall have paid a special tax, therefor, in the manner thereafter provided. A change of part or all the individual members of a firm is a change of firm. When such a change takes place, the new firm thus created, unless it be a firm of lawyers, country agents, claim agents, patent agents, physicians, surgeons, dentists, cattle brokers or peddlers (section 78), should pay a special tax from the first day of the month in which it first engages in business, or carries on any trade or profession for which a special tax is required, regardless of the fact that the new firm is composed in part of members of an old one which has already paid the special imposed upon it.

Dirt stones, millstones and grindstones were exempt from internal tax by the act of July 13, 1866; but whetstones are still taxable at the rate of 5 per cent. ad valorem.

Illuminating oil, which is exempt from tax by reason of marking less than 35 degrees Baume's hydrometer, should not be marked "tax paid," but should bear inspection marks as taxable oils. Repairs of articles of all kinds are exempt from taxation as manufactures. Repairs, however great, which do not destroy the identity of the article or thing repaired, are not taxable; but an article or thing which is substantially new is to be taxed as a new manufacture, although it may contain some parts or pieces that have been more or less used in other articles.

A writer to the *Columbian* (*Clay*) *Inquirer*, who styles himself a fighting rebel, pitches into ex-United States Senator Hill, of Georgia, who seems to think by his letters and speeches, that a Southern war against the North has just commenced as follows: "You keep throwing up to us scoundrels that we are most submissive of all." We know we are, because we recognize the right of the North to enter, to make and unmake, their own constitution equally with the South; and because we pride ourselves upon our honor and chivalry, and are not going to retain the stakes after we have put them up to the sword and lost. So far from being ashamed of our submission, we pride ourselves upon it as the highest evidence we can transmit to posterity of our high sense of honor—that we submitted, as none but gentlemen can, to an unconditional surrender, withholding nothing, not even a bar of gold left hid in the camp, and claiming nothing, not even life—for if we be not slain, like Maximilian, it is not because our lives are not forfeited by an unconditional surrender, but because the character of our adversaries is different. We are not a lawyer, but we have never heard of a powerful nation going to Vattel or Blackstone to ask what to do with their prisoners; they have generally acted according to their interests and fears. * * *

Does Mr. Hill forget when he is asking us to play "the mule," that he is talking to a nation of gentlemen who disdain, after surrendering up everything to their conquerors, depending on their magnanimity to beg even for life or property? We are glad Mr. Hill is getting ready to fight. He did not fight for our Southern constitution. But when he gets ready to die for the Yankee constitution that we left, he will find that the South cannot be whistled to the battle field by any one that did not bear her own beloved banner to her sacred fields of freedom.

A gentleman in the spring time of life, when walking with a lady, stumbled and fell. On her resuming his perpendicular, the lady remarked "she was sorry for his unfortunate *faux pas*." "I didn't hurt my fore paws," said he, "I only barked my knee."

A SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—A VESSEL DESERTED ON THE OCEAN.—A CORRESPONDENT OF THE GAZETTE, OF THE RUSSIAN ACADEMY, WRITING FROM ARCHELANGE, SAYS:

On June 26th, there arrived a vessel, the captain of which declared at the Custom House, that he knew neither its owner, whence it came, or its destination. The captain, an Englishman of the name Turel, made the following deposition: On June 17th, quitted the port of Tramsoc, on the English ship *Edent*, bound for Archangel. On June 18th, the course of the vessel was obstructed by the fields of ice, to such a degree that she could not be extricated.

On the following day the *Edent* had suffered so many reverses that she was in danger of foundering, and the captain and all hands would have perished had it not been for the English ship *Industry*, on board of which they were taken by Captain Macleith. On going on board nothing was saved from the *Edent*.—Twenty-four hours subsequently the *Industry* hailed a ship moving along in full sail. No response was given, as not a soul could be discovered on her deck. The strange vessel, which proved to be the *Da Capo*, had seven and a half feet of water in her hold, but had suffered no other damage.

Captain Turel and his crew were transferred on board, after having pumped out the water, and continued their voyage until they arrived at Archangel. All that can be learned of the mysterious vessel is confined to its name. Whether it had been abandoned, or had been the scene of some terrible maritime drama, nobody knows—no documents having been found on board giving any clue to its ownership. Strange to say, there was a sufficiency of provisions for the remainder of the voyage.—*Journal de St. Petersburg, July 11.*

SHOOTING ON EAST BAY.—INTENSE EXCITEMENT—TWO MEN MORTALLY SCARED.—The usual quiet of East Bay was disturbed on Wednesday by the sudden report of a pistol, and men who had been long unused to grim visage, snuffed the battle from afar and hastened to the scene. It appeared on examination that the shot was fired from Mr. Bernard O'Neill's store, and was aimed at a rat, but the long-tailed animal fled from the wrath to come and the bullet glancing on the floor, struck a gentleman passing by, in the shoulder, but did no damage beyond cutting his coat. His indignation at the occurrence was immense, and considering it to be the cut direct, he proceeded to vent his anger in violent demonstrations of his unknown assailant.

A sympathizing crowd soon gathered among whom was a neighboring merchant who had also been threatened by the shot. These gentlemen not wishing a repetition of the warlike civilities, preferred charges before the police and a detachment of the "Guardians" headed by their officers were soon on the ground, these were followed by the Detectives and it seemed for a time as if the unfortunate shootist would be compelled to pay the penalty to the offended law. Fortunately moderation prevailed, "no one was hurt," and the only punishment meted to the culprit, was a fine of \$5 for firing his pistol in the City limits. We would suggest to our East Bay friends a visit to No. 3 Hayne street where they will find a rat trap that will prove far more efficacious in checking the career of the animals than a pistol shot, and the result will be more satisfactory both to the parties themselves and to the public, who can then walk the Bay boldly and fear no evil.—*Charleston News.*

THE METEORIC DISPLAY.—The prediction of astronomers that a grand display of meteors would take place on the night of the 10th inst., has not been fully realized. A dispatch, however, from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 11th inst., says:

Shortly after one o'clock this morning a brilliant meteor shot from the northern to the southern horizon. It was followed by several others, neither of which, however, was as brilliant in appearance as the first. From 1 to 2 A. M. over seventy meteors were counted, and from that time till half past 3 A. M. they increased in numbers so fast that they could not be counted. Three of them were of great brilliancy and presented a splendid appearance. All the while the air was quite cool and the sky clear. By 4 o'clock A. M. the celestial exhibition had entirely passed.

A cable dispatch, of the night of the 10th from Greenwich Observatory, England, says:

The astronomers employed here are engaged in making observations of the August meteors. The night is clear and the moon very bright. Since the hour of nine o'clock to-night but few meteors have been seen, and none of them brighter than stars of the third or fourth magnitude. The observations made to this moment confirm the statement that the radiant point of the luminaries is in the constellation Perseus.

In a pool across a road, in the county of Tipperary, in Ireland, is stuck up a pole, having affixed to it a board with this inscription: "Take notice, that when the water is over this board the road is impassable."

Perils of a Newspaper Editor among the Sheffield Murderers.

The murderers set on by Broadhead to blow up offenders with gunpowder or to stab them at so much per head, turned their attention to a newspaper editor in Sheffield, who thought it his duty to speak in plain English about their performances. This gentleman writes to the *London Star*:

"I am the editor and managing proprietor of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*. I claim to be as sincere a friend of the workingman as any member of my profession. I am not against unions *per se*. I have written against crime, but never against combination. I have endeavored to free the innocent from suspicion by helping the hand of detective justice to reach the guilty. In all that I have written I have carefully guarded myself against making any objection to well-conducted unions. But, on the other hand, I have spared no trouble to get at the truth about the origin of outrages, the persons who paid for them, the manner of the bargaining, and the method of procedure. In October last some of the most important of the evidence lately made public was in my private keeping feeling the ground firm under my feet, I purposely wrote so as to fix and deepen my suspicion on Broadhead, who on his part immediately responded by trying to silence me through his machinery of terrorism.

"His attempt at coercion took three forms. First, he denounced me as a slanderer, threatened an action for damages, and promised in a public meeting to 'sell his shirt,' if needed to obtain legal redress. He did not know how much I know of his doings. I replied to his threat by telling him that his promise was a proper one; that his character ought to be purified, and that a law court was the proper place in which to have it vindicated. Having done this, I set myself to urge the town to apply for a commission of inquiry, and to publish letters from Mr. John Wilson and Mr. Elisha Parker, two workmen, whose narratives of facts bore directly on Broadhead. I now received within twenty-six hours no less than twenty-three threats of assassination, which only made me the more resolute, inasmuch as they showed that the writers were getting frightened. These threats of personal injury were as futile as the legal threat. Then came a combined attempt to crush me and my paper by representing me (falsely) as a poor man's enemy—a foe to trades' unions.

"The word was given to make a dead set against the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, and the burning fury furnace of slander was for a time in full blast. My position was not a nice one. At home I had a sick wife, at my office I was often fagged and weary with overwork. I slept nightly with a loaded revolver under my pillow. I heard almost daily of the fearful imprecations used by half drunken grinders, yet I snatched a fearful joy from the knowledge that I was in the right; and when I was moderately well I rather enjoyed it. My night watchman was a volunteer—a good shot both with pistol and rifle, and my instructions to him were to fire and hit if the tools of the terrorists came about during the night.

"I know of at least one manufacturer who has made his manufacture as secure as a walled city, and I wish you to believe that there are plenty of honest men and devoted men in Sheffield, who do not fear their lives, who do not intend to truckle to the terrorists, who will stand up against the Thugs without compromise, and who humbly ask the legislature to put the law into such a condition as will help them in the struggle against a system which has outraged the universal conscience of mankind.

"WM. CHRISTOPHER LENO."

THIS STANTON-JOHNSON INNOVATION.—CURIOUS PLOT AGAINST GENERAL GRANT.—There is a story told here in connection with the Johnson-Stanton imbroglio, which ought to be mentioned, though I by no means vouch for its truth. It is said that a prominent Republican official here, in the interest of the Radical element, and of course opposed to General Grant, waited upon the President not long ago and had an interesting conversation relative to the Presidential succession. It is alleged that the Radical politician then and there revealed a plan for the destruction of General Grant's chances for the nomination, and proposed to the President to join in the plot. The hints thrown out that Grant will be called to the War Office in case of Stanton's removal are supposed to be part of the plot. Should Grant accept, it is hoped that he will thus be committed to the Johnsonian policy, and that the public confidence in him will fade away. Whether this story be true or not, it is certain that the Wade-Phillips extremists are desperate, seeing that the conservative strength of the Republican party and the better branch of the Democracy are certain, according to the present aspect of affairs, to be in favor of Grant's nomination. It would not be wonderful, therefore, should this story be verified, for the Radicals are ready to jump at the most desperate chance of destroying Grant's popularity.—*New York Herald.*

If a man's wife is well bred, he never wants any but her.